

THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

ALL TRY GETTING UNDERSTANDING. Solomon.

ANIERSON & CO. CITY.

VOL. XVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1883.

NO. 13.

THE TERRAPIN.

THE terrapin is the name given to a kind of tortoise that lives in fresh water. There are several species of the tortoise, called respectively the land tortoise, the river tortoise, the marsh tortoise, etc., and the marine tortoise, or turtle, as it is generally called. These varieties differ from each other in size, and in the formation of their shells, heads and feet. They also differ in their habits and modes of living. Those varieties which are found in temperate and cold climates hibernate during Winter, that is they pass the time in a state of inactivity, in a similar manner to that of the common toad.

The jaws of the terrapin, as you will see by the illustration, are prolonged into a kind of beak, which looks very much in shape like that of an eagle. It has no teeth, but its jaws are hard and sharp, and with them it is enabled to clip off vegetation quite easily. Its food consists of vegetables, fish and reptiles, or any animals it can catch in the water. Its feet are well adapted for swimming; and it moves on land at a greater speed than does the land tortoise.

The greatest peculiarity of the tortoise is the curiously-formed shell in which it is encased. Most species possess the power of drawing in their heads and limbs, so that they are entirely covered by their strong armor. This is the only way they have of protecting themselves from their enemies. However, this means is very effectual. The shell is so strong that it cannot be easily broken. Even a heavy wagon running over one of the smaller species, no larger than a man's hand, will not crush it.

The upper part of the shell of this reptile is oval-shaped, or raised in the center, so that when a tortoise is placed with

its back downwards it is completely helpless. Its legs are so short that it cannot, while in that position, reach the ground in order to regain its footing.

Tortoises are very long-lived. Some have been known to live over two hundred years. Some variety is to be found in almost every country of the globe.

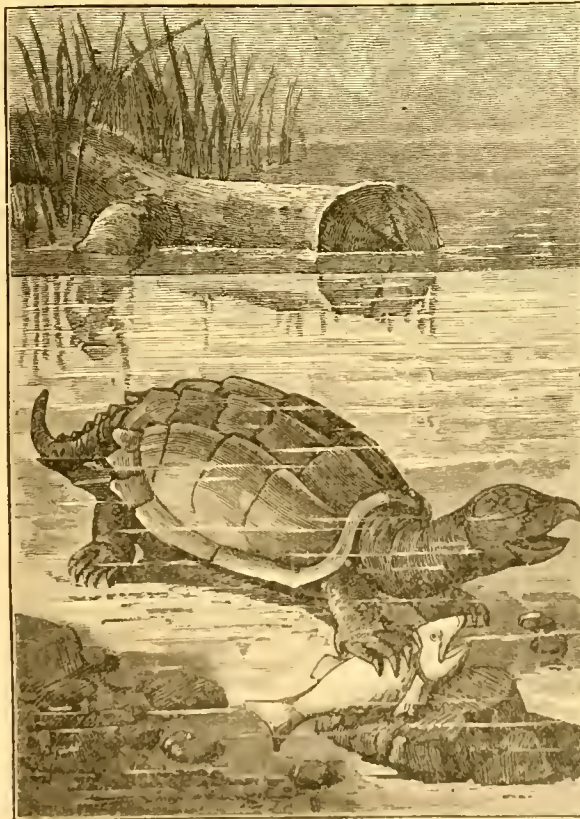
There is one kind, the marine tortoise, which is usually known by the name of turtle, that attains to an enormous size. Some have been captured that would weigh over half a ton. This variety is greatly sought after by the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands and many others. Its flesh and eggs, as well as those of other varieties, are relished as food. The hunters catch them by turning them over upon their backs. They are then compelled to remain in that condition until they are dragged off by those who capture them.

The shell of the turtle is composed of a number of scales which vary in size, the largest being from twelve to eighteen inches long by six inches wide and about one-eighth of an inch thick. These scales overlap each other somewhat like the scales of a fish.

The scales are valuable for making combs and other articles. No doubt, most of our readers have seen combs of this character, as they are quite common. The

Chinese and Japanese also use them in making a variety of ornamental articles, which show considerable skill and taste.

CHRISTIAN perfection does not consist in doing extraordinary things; but in doing common things after a Christian manner.



FUNERALS AND WEDDINGS AMONG THE DAKOTA INDIANS.

BY J. H. W.

THE valley of the Upper Mississippi presents many attractions to a reflecting mind, apart from the admiration excited by its natural beauty. It is at once an old country and a new—the home of a people who are rapidly passing away—and a land that is inundated by the tide of advancing civilization. The white man treads in the footsteps of the Dakota, the whistle of the locomotive and the sound of the saw-mill are heard where a few years ago were sung the deeds of the Dakota braves.

The world at large rarely considers the Indian as a member of society. Too frequently he is associated with the tomahawk and scalping knife. Yet the very strangeness of his customs should add to the interest.

All the agony and grief that we feel when we look for the last time on the form which will so soon moulder into dust, he feels also. We know that the body will live again but the Dakota has no such hope.

Among the Dakotas the bodies of their dead are wrapped in cloth or skins and sometimes placed in a box made of the bark of the ash or elm. Then it is placed on a scaffold raised a few feet above the ground. All the relatives then sit around for about twenty-four hours; they tear their clothes, run knives through the fleshy parts of their arms; but there is no sacrifice which they can make so great as cutting off their hair.

The men go in mourning by painting themselves black, and they do not wash the paint off until they take the scalp of an enemy, or give a grand medicine dance, which has much the same significance among them that a political mass-meeting has among us.

While they sit around the scaffold, one of the nearest relatives commences a doleful crying, when all the others join in, and continue their wailing for some time. Then for a time the tears are wiped away and they smoke their pipes in silence. After smoking for some time another of the family commences, and the others join in. This is continued for a night and a day, and then each one lights his pipe and returns to his own wigwam, and new pursuits occupy his mind.

Let us, like them, turn from contemplating the sadness of an Indian burial, to the gaiety of an Indian marriage. The Indians are philosophers after all. They know that they cannot bring back the dead to life, so they make the best of it and smoke; besides, the beautiful Indian maiden Walking Wind is to be married to the famous War Club, whereupon they smoke harder than ever.

There are two kinds of marriages among the Dakotas—buying a wife, and stealing one—the untutored Indian calls things by their real names—the latter answers to our run-away matches, and, in some respects, the former resembles one conducted as it ought to be among ourselves. So, Indian marriages, I suppose, are much like white people's, after all.

But among the Dakotas it is an understood thing that when the young people run away, they are to be forgiven at any time they choose to return, if it should be the next day, or six months afterwards. This saves a world of trouble. It prevents the father looking daggers at the son-in-law, and then loving him violently; the mother is spared the trial of telling her daughter that she forgives her, though she has broken her mother's heart; and, what is still better, there is not the slightest

occasion for the bridegroom to tell the bride's parents that he is wretched for having married their daughter, though even an honest Indian must feel that stealing a wife is not an honorable way of getting one.

When a young man is unable to purchase the girl he loves best, if he has gained the heart of the maiden, he is safe even if her parents are unwilling she should marry him. They appoint a time and place to meet, and take whatever will be necessary for their journey. That is, the man takes his gun and ammunition, his tomahawk and knife, his flint and steel, that he may be prepared to kill game and build a fire. The girl takes her knife and wooden bowl, to be used in the preparation of food, and her birch-bark drinking cup. Sometimes they only go to the next village to return the next day. But if they fancy a bridal tour, away they go several hundred miles with the grass for their pillow, the canopy of heaven for their curtains, and the bright stars to light and watch over them. When they return home the wife goes to work weaving baskets, tanning deer-skins, making clothes, or cooking food, the groom goes to hunting or smoking according to circumstances.

But "marriage in high life" among the Dakotas, is when the bride is regularly bought as sometimes occurs with white people.

Walking Wind was not pretty though the Dakota's might call her so. She was, however, tall and well formed, and her feet and hands were small, as is generally the case with the Dakota women. She had a quantity of jet-black hair, that she braided with a great deal of care. Her eyes were large and black, and her dark complexion was relieved by more of red than is usually seen in the cheeks of the daughters of her race. Her teeth were very fine, as everybody knew—for she was always laughing, and her laugh was perfect music.

Then Walking Wind was, generally speaking, good tempered. She was never known to be very angry but once; and that was when Harpa accused her of being in love with War Club. Then she threw Harpa down and tore nearly half the hair out of her head; but what made it seem very strange was, that she was over head and ears in love with War Club at that very time; but she did not choose that anybody should know it.

As for War Club, he was a flirt—a male coquette—and had broken the hearts of half the girls in the band. Besides being a flirt, he was a fop. He would paint his hair and put red paint on his cheeks; and after seeing that his leggings were properly arranged, he would stick the war eagle feathers in his hair, and folding his blanket around him, would walk about the village or attitudinize with all the airs of a Salt Lake dandy. War Club was a great warrior, too, for on his blanket was marked the "red hand" which signified the "avenger." He had killed his worst enemy, his father's enemy, and had hung up the scalp at his father's door. Besides he was a great hunter, which is a mark of honor among the Dakotas.

No one, then, could for a moment doubt the pretensions of War Club, or that all the girls of the village should fall in love with him; and he, like a downright flirt, was naturally very cold and cruel to the poor creatures who loved him so much.

Walking Wind, besides possessing many other accomplishments such as tanning deer-skin, making mocassins, etc., was a capital shot. On one occasion when the young warriors were shooting at a mark, Walking Wind either by art or accident made the best shot among them, and War Club was quite

crest-fallen. He could bear anything else, but when Walking Wind beat him shooting—why—the point was—was settled; he must fall in love with her and as a natural consequence marry her.

Walking Wind was not so easily won. She had been tormented so long herself that she was in duty bound to pay back in the same coin. At last she yielded; her lover gave her so many trinkets. True, they were only brass and tin or perhaps only shell; but then Dakota maidens cannot sigh for pearls and diamonds for they never even heard of them; and the philosophy of the thing is just the same, as everybody is out-done by somebody. Besides her lover played an Indian flute—a horrible sounding instrument made from the tendons of a deer stretched across the end of a buffalo horn—near her father's wigwam. Aside from the pity she felt for him, Walking Wind was confident she never could sleep until that flute stopped playing, which she knew never would be until she promised to be his wife.

When all was settled between the young people, War Club told his parents that he wanted to marry, and the old people were glad to hear it.

So they collected everything they owned—guns and blankets, powder and shot, knives and trinkets. When all was ready, War Club put the presents on a horse and carried them to the wigwam of Walking Wind's parents, and, laying them on the ground, held a long "talk" with the parents, concluding by asking them to give him their daughter for his wife.

Having made his request he did not wait for an answer, but turned round and went back to his wigwam. The parents then consulted for a day or two, although they knew from the first what they intended to do.

In due time the presents are taken into the wigwam, which means that the lover is accepted. The next day Walking Wind is to be a bride. So, early in the morning she commenced her toilet, and it was no light task to deck her in all her finery. Her mocassins were worked with porcupine quills and closely fitted her small feet. Her dress was ornamented with small and variously colored beads while her blanket, which answered the purpose of a shawl, was fringed with the brilliant feathers of the forest birds. Her breast was covered with brooches, and a quantity of beads hung round her neck. Heavy ear-rings were in her ears and on her head a diadem of war eagle's feathers. Such was the costume of an Indian bride.

When she is ready, as many presents as were given for her are collected and put on a horse; and the bride accompanied by three or four of her relatives takes the road to the wigwam of the bridegroom. When they arrive within fifty paces of the wigwam, Walking Wind's father calls for War Club to come out. He does not come, but sends a friend to receive the bride. Of course, the father is not offended; it is a part of the ceremony that the bridegroom should not appear in person. As soon as the person sent, makes his appearance, the Indians raise a shout of applause and the warriors fire off their guns in honor of the event.

But the ceremony is not yet over. In order to complete it, the bride must jump up on the back of the bridegroom's friend and be thus carried to her future home.

What a situation for a bride! Walking Wind seriously thinks of rebelling; she hesitates—while the man stands ready to start as soon as the luggage is on. The bride draws back and pouts a little, while some of her friends undertake to reason with her. She gives them a violent nudge with the

elbow as if she wished to be let alone; at length, as if she wishes to avoid them, she springs upon the back of the Dakota, who amid loud shouts and firing of guns carries her triumphantly into the wigwam.

But where is the bridegroom? Simply seated on the ground in the wigwam, looking as placid and unconcerned as if nothing was going on. Of course, he rises to receive his bride? No, not he; that would be contrary to Dakota etiquette. Walking Wind alights, and takes her seat by his side; the ceremony is over—they are man and wife just as much as if there were cards, bride-cake and ring.

The Dakota reveres the ceremony of marriage, and he thinks with solemn awe of the burial rites of his nation. These rites have been preserved from generation to generation, and they will be handed down, until the Dakotas are no more, or until the gospel shall take the place of ignorance and superstition—until God, our God, is known and worshiped among a people, who as yet have scarcely heard His name.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 164.)

THE men of the battalion were greatly worn down by their heavy marching and the scarcity of provisions. The rations were reduced to the lowest possible point. Their clothes were almost gone, their shoes were worn out and many were compelled to make mocassins out of raw hide. These mocassins, when dry, were as hard as sheet iron, and cut the feet of the wearers. Some of the men went barefoot, but the country over which they marched was full of various kinds of the cactus and other thorny plants, and they suffered great annoyance and pain from them. These difficulties, however, were not the worst the men had to contend with. There were two or three officers who seemed to forget their obligations as Latter-day Saints and who, because they happened to have a little brief authority, acted towards their brethren in a tyrannical and unfeeling manner. The men would probably have resented this treatment by acts of violence had they not been restrained by the prudent counsels of Brothers Levi W. Hancock and David Pettegrew. These brethren from their age and experience were looked upon as fathers by the young men, and they were able, by their influence, to do a great amount of good.

The remainder of the trip to the Pacific coast was exceedingly hard on both men and animals. Most of the distance was over deserts where the sand was very deep and neither water nor grass to be found, but the same cheerfulness and determination on the part of the men which had previously characterized the battalion, bore them up to the end of the journey, which they reached very opportunely, just in time to prevent by their presence the Mexicans from making an intended effort to regain possession of California. It was on the 27th of January, 1847, that the battalion passed Mission San Luis Rey, pleasantly situated on an elevated piece of land, and ascended a hill when the calm, unruffled bosom of the Pacific Ocean burst upon their view. Many of the men then beheld an ocean for the first time in their lives. The columns halted to give the opportunity of gazing upon the scene. Every eye was turned towards its placid surface, every heart beat with unuttered pleasure, every soul was full of thankfulness, but every tongue was silent, for all felt too full to give vent to any expression. They had marched many a long day,

and had wearily trudged from the Missouri river, enduring many privations and hardships to reach this point, and though weary, ragged and many barefoot they could still enjoy the scene. The surrounding hills were covered with wild oats and grass nearly a foot high, growing as luxuriantly as grass was seen at midsummer in the states where the members of the battalion had formerly lived. The breeze from the ocean, as it winged its way up that fertile valley, was very sweet and refreshing to the tired men. The abundance of fat beef, which was now served out as rations to the battalion, was exceedingly good to them, reduced as they were for want of food. They continued their march, and on the 30th of January they reached San Diego Mission, close to the port of that name, where they took up their quarters. Here the commander of the battalion issued the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS, Mission of San Diego.

January 30th, 1847.

"Lieut. Colonel commanding congratulates the battalion on its safe arrival on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and the conclusion of its march of over two thousand miles. History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry; nine-tenths of it through a wilderness, where nothing but savages and wild beasts are found, or deserts where, for want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them, we have ventured into trackless prairies, where water was not found for several marches. With crowbar and pick-ax in hand we have worked our way over mountains, which seemed to defy aught save the wild goat, and hewed a passage through a chasm of living rock, more narrow than our wagons. To bring these first wagons to the Pacific, we have preserved the strength of the mules by herding them over large tracts, which you have laboriously guarded without loss.

"The garrison of four Presidios of Sonora, concentrated within the walls of Tucson, gave us no pause: we drove them out with their artillery; but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice. Thus marching, half naked and half fed, and living upon wild animals, we have discovered and made a road of great value to our country.

"Arrived at the first settlement of California, after a single day's rest, you cheerfully turned off from the route to this point of promised repose, to enter upon a campaign, and meet, as we believed, the approach of the enemy; and this, too, without even salt to season your sole subsistence of fresh meat.

"Lieutenants A. J. Smith and George Stoneman, of the 1st Dragoons, have shared and given valuable aid in all these labors.

"Thus, volunteers, you have exhibited some high and essential qualities of veterans. But much remains undone. Soon you will turn your strict attention to the drill, to system and order, to forms also, which are all necessary to the soldier.

"By order of Lieut. Col. P. ST. GEORGE COOKE,

(Signed) P. C. MERRILL, Adjt."

(To be continued.)

FORMS OF ANIMAL LIFE.—Humboldt estimates that the number of animals of the mammalia kind (those who suckle their young) is about 500; of birds, 4,000; of insects, 44,000; of reptiles, 700; in all about 50,000.

Chapter for the Little Ones.

GOD'S POWER.

THE children of the Latter-day Saints are often told that the Lord hears and answers the prayers of those who have faith in Him. Persons who pray to God gain strength to not only overcome their own weaknesses, but also to overcome the evil spirits that surround them here on the earth.

An incident occurred in England some years ago in which the power of God was shown in answer to silent prayer. An evil spirit was subdued, and that, too, at the request of a humble Elder of this Church. The circumstance is, in substance, as follows:

About the time that the principle of tithing was introduced to the Saints in Europe, and they were enjoined to perform their duty in this matter, a poor shoemaker, with his large family, resided there. He had been a faithful member of the Church for several years. His income from his daily labor was very small—barely sufficient to keep want away from his door. His faith in the doctrine of tithing was possibly not as strong as it afterwards became, and when some of the Elders visited and pressed him rather strongly to pay his tithing, he became somewhat discouraged, and requested one brother to erase his name from the records of the Church. The traveling Elder of whom this request was made, did not, however, comply, but told his friend that he would make a trip around his district before taking action in the affair and would thus give him time for reflection.

During the interval which elapsed between the visits of the traveling Elder, the Spiritualists came into the neighborhood and began to hold meetings. The wife of the shoemaker, who with her children had been desirous of retaining her standing in the Church, attended one of these meetings. She had not been there long before the table near which she was sitting began to move around the room. Some of those present began to ask questions and receive answers from the unseen spirits. The sister was also finally induced to make inquiries in regard to many things, and, to her astonishment, received correct answers to the same.

The poor shoemaker afterwards attended one of these meetings, but he could not feel contented in the place because he knew the spirits present were not of God. He therefore silently prayed to God, while the table was being moved around by

the evil spirits, craved forgiveness for his weakness in desiring excommunication and then, in his mind, he rebuked the power of Satan and commanded it to leave the room. Instantly the table ceased to move and all efforts to again set it in motion or receive answers from the spirits were of no avail.

This circumstance caused the heart of this humble brother to swell with joy, and by the time that the traveling Elder again visited him he was ready to pay his tithing and to heed all counsel which the servants of God gave him.

This man is now a resident of Utah, and a faithful member of the Church. He has grown up sons and daughters in full fellowship. He, doubtless, often recalls this instance where the power of God was exhibited at his humble and silent prayer.

THE REFORMERS.

(Continued from page 165.)

IT must not be supposed for an instant that the spirit of the reformation was confined alone to England, Germany and Switzerland. It penetrated into other countries among which may be mentioned Catholic France. The subjects of papal authority in that country began to modify their rigid views, and the Catholic power commenced to wane. This change was partially due to the efforts of

JOHN CALVIN,

who was born on the 10th of July, 1509, at Noyon, France. He was one of six children, but as his parents were of the well-to-do class of people, he, with the others, was placed in a position to acquire a good education. He improved his talents in his native town, and in his fourteenth year was partially adopted to a noble family, near whom he resided, and was taken to Paris where ample opportunities were afforded him in the colleges of that city to acquire the knowledge for which he was hankering.

The bent of the growing reformer's mind seemed to be to acquire a knowledge of law, and for this purpose he was sent to the university of Orleans where one of the most famous jurists of the day was teaching. Here Calvin studied so hard, denying himself the necessary recreation, that his health was impaired to such a degree that he ever afterwards suffered ill-health. It was while pursuing this study that he became acquainted with the scriptures, and this had the effect of awakening within him the religious instinct, the pursuit of which subsequently made him so famous. He did not openly announce his belief in Protestantism until he had studied Greek, at the city of Bourges, so that he could read the scriptures. He then began to expound passages of scripture and to lead the people to better ideas of religious worship.

He went to Paris in 1533, and sought diligently to gain converts to the new religion, but the king took active measures to quell this rising spirit, and the result was that Calvin and others had to flee for their lives. It is said that the reformer

barely escaped by descending from his window by means of sheets and then disguising himself as a vine-dresser. For two years after this event he lived a wandering life, and was sheltered in various places. As the persecution increased in his native land, however, he deemed it prudent to leave. He therefore went to Basle, Switzerland, where by his writings he assisted the cause of the reformation very materially.

Calvin then went on a short visit to Italy, and also to his native town, where he sold the property his deceased parents had left him. On his way to Strasburg he happened to stop at Geneva, an important city of Switzerland, and through the intervention of friends he was finally induced to make that place his permanent abode. The reformer with his assistants soon effected some radical changes in the religious affairs of Geneva. But the severity of the moral discipline to which Calvin subjected the people was too great, and after two years they expelled him from the city. He retreated to Strasburg and devoted himself to the study of theology. It was during his residence there that he became acquainted with a widow whom he afterwards married.

After a short time the Genevans found that they could not get along very well without Calvin. They realized that rigid rule was better than none at all. The reformer was accordingly invited to return, which he did after the absence of three years. From this time his civil and ecclesiastical power gradually increased until he became virtually master of the city. He caused the expulsion from the city of the Libertines, a class of people who constantly opposed his high-handed rule and in no part of Geneva was his influence unfelt. Nor was this influence confined alone to a small city, but it was felt also for good in the surrounding countries.

Notwithstanding Calvin's many good qualities he was not free from those which were bad. Notable among these latter was the disposition to quarrel or discuss religious principles with those whom he considered beneath him or within his power. Some of these he caused to be expelled from the city, and on others he vented his rage in various ways. His connection with the trial and death of Servetus placed an unerasable stain upon his name. This latter personage had seceded from the Catholic church and had become somewhat intimate with Calvin, although the reformer always expressed an abhorrence of the views which Servetus advanced. Matters continued in this state until Servetus went to Vienna, when, as some historians maintain, he was seized and sentenced to be burned at the stake, at the instigation of the Genevan ruler. He, however, made his escape, and afterwards, while passing through Geneva on his way to Italy, he was seized and imprisoned by order of Calvin. His trial lasted with some interruptions for two months and terminated in his being sentenced to death by fire. On the 27th of October, 1553, the culprit was led to an extended eminence just outside the city and there publicly burned. This act was a foul blot on the reformation, and although the disgrace of it is particularly attached to Calvin, yet the other reformers "could only see cause for gratitude in the hideous tragedy."

In 1561 the bodily power of Calvin began to fail, but the brilliancy of his intellect did not fade in the least until his end approached. He gradually failed until the 27th of May, 1564, when he breathed his last. Thus died a man with whom few of his age will bear a comparison for industry, resolution, eloquence and hatred of Romish superstition. His intellectual greatness no cotemporary, not even his bitterest enemies, dared deny, and the valuable services which he rendered the cause of Protestantism places him at once in

the front rank of reformers. He doubtless endeavored to live so that his actions would merit the approval of God, and for this he will receive a just reward.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most interesting meetings that we have attended for a long time was held at Centerville at the quarterly conference there on June 10th. The affidavit of Elder Thomas Grover, who, with Brother Charles C. Rich, is the sole surviving member of the High Council that was organized in Nauvoo, was read to the conference. In this affidavit Brother Grover states that President Hyrum Smith on July the 12th, 1843, nearly a year before his and the prophet's martyrdom, read to the council, by the request of the Prophet Joseph, the revelation upon celestial marriage, which, as he remembers it, was precisely the same that is now published in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. After this revelation was read to them they were called upon to express their belief in and acceptance of it. Nine of the council received it as from the Lord; three—William Marks, Austin Cowles and Leonard Soby—refused to accept it. They afterwards denied the faith and became enemies to the work of God, the first named being intimately associated for several years with the apostate organization known as the Josephites.

After the reading of the affidavit, Brother Grover bore a verbal testimony to that which he had sworn, and his remarks were listened to with profound attention by the assembled multitude.

He was followed by President John Taylor who gave an interesting description of the meeting in which the Prophet Joseph communicated to several of the Twelve and himself the doctrine of celestial marriage, with the reasoning and instructions upon it which he gave at the same time. He also related the interview between himself and the Prophet Joseph which took place afterwards, when he was told that this must be attended to or the key would be turned.

Elder Joseph B. Noble was also present at the conference. He addressed the conference and gave a plain and very interesting recital to the people of his officiating, under the direction of the Prophet Joseph, in performing the ceremony of marriage between the Prophet Joseph and his wife's sister. The Prophet dictated the form of words to him and he repeated them after him. This was the first time, so far as is known, that the sealing ordinance was solemnized in this generation.

Other speakers followed, viz., C. W. Penrose, George Reynolds—who had endured imprisonment because of his belief in and practice of this principle—and the editor of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

The meeting was one that doubtless will be long remembered because of the character of the remarks, and upon the young especially, it must have made a vivid impression that will probably never be obliterated, at least we trust so.

It is of the utmost importance that those who are witnesses of such events as were testified to at this meeting to which we refer, should, while living, give as great publicity as possible to that which they know concerning this doctrine and its revelation to the people through the Prophet Joseph. Already the statement is disputed that Joseph did communicate this

before his death. The evidence is overwhelming to the effect that he taught and practiced this doctrine himself and commanded others to practice it, under the penalty, if they did not, of a loss of the Spirit and standing still of the great work which, under the Lord, he was the instrument in founding. Every man and woman who has any knowledge upon this point should freely communicate it, especially in the hearing of the young, and besides should leave on record their written statements, and also affidavits sustaining the statements. However disposed we may be to be quiet about this doctrine of celestial marriage, the outside public are determined that it shall not rest. It is a subject of constant agitation. Our enemies are doing more to make this doctrine known to the world than we are, by their attacks upon us concerning it, and though there is great hatred expressed against this, the world, nevertheless, is becoming familiar with it. Men hearing so much about it are compelled to think and talk about it, and many in their secret hearts believe that it is a much better system than that which is prevalent in Christendom.

Dr. J. P. Newman's trip to this city to enter into controversy upon this subject attracted the attention of thousands in this and other lands, and the result of his visit and his ignominious defeat are well known to reading people everywhere.

Speaking of Dr. Newman, we shall in our next number have something to say respecting the prayer that was offered at the conclusion of his discussion with Elder Orson Pratt and his remarks concerning it.

THE PERFECTION OF OUR FACULTIES.

BY E. F. P.

MANY millions of human beings live and pass from this stage of action without even an idea of the beauty, grandeur and perfection of the mortal tabernacles with which God has blessed them. Without some knowledge of the wonderful mechanism of the human system, we cannot appreciate to a very great extent its perfections, and its adaptability to the purposes for which it was created.

No person can study the works and laws of nature with a correct understanding without being impressed with the grand truth that they must have been created by One, whose wisdom is infinite and unequalled. Surely all who will take the trouble to acquire a knowledge of the senses and powers with which they have been blessed, will be forced to acknowledge that they are not the results of chance, but that they are the work of an all-wise Creator.

The object of this sketch is to describe some of the wonderful faculties with which we are gifted. To begin with we will examine the organ of sight—the eye.

It is not the intention, at present, to explain the different parts and the workings of this useful and beautiful organ, nor is it practicable to do so without the aid of diagrams to illustrate the subject. But I wish to show how well adapted are the senses with which we are blessed to the uses for which they were created, and how infinitely superior they are to the mechanism of man.

The eye has been very appropriately termed "the window of the soul." To show the wonderful power and delicacy of

this organ, it is necessary to explain the manner in which objects are conveyed to our sense of sight.

Scientists generally agree that light, the medium by which we are enabled to see our surroundings, is a substance which is imponderable, invisible, tasteless, and inodorous. This substance, which has received the name of ether, is always in motion, and fills all space. It is estimated to travel at the rate of 196,000 miles per second, always in a direct course, or rather, it makes its way in the form of exceedingly minute waves. These waves, or rays of light, when they strike a body are partly reflected and partly absorbed. If it be a transparent substance, like glass, which they strike, some of the rays of light pass through it. In order to see an object the waves of light must strike that object and be reflected from it to the eye. To give an idea of the wonderful delicacy of the optic organ, it is only necessary to state that 486,000,000,000,000 of these minute waves of light strike the eye every second while looking at a red color. To recognize a violet color 707,000,000,000,000 waves of light are reflected upon the eye every second. Yet the retina, or the black part of the eye, is so sensitive that it receives all these impressions, and the optic nerve accurately transmits them to the brain. So perfect is this organ that persons who possess good eyesight can distinguish from each other as many as ten thousand different shades of color.

Some persons are color-blind, that is they cannot recognize the difference between colors. This is caused by a defect in their sight. Their eyes fail to take cognizance of all the impressions made upon them by the waves of light.

But think how wonderful is the power of this little organ! Consider the numberless impressions it is constantly receiving. Yet it will continue to be of service to us as long as life lasts, if properly taken care of. It never gets out of order, except through accident or sickness.

Where can we find the workmanship of man that will in any degree compare with this the work of our Creator?

We will next examine the ear—the organ of hearing.

Sound is produced by the rapid vibrations of a body in the air or some other medium. These vibrations cause minute waves, called sound-waves, to move in all directions from the body by which they are generated. Each one of these sound-waves, when it strikes the tympanum, or drum, of the ear affects it and causes a vibration.

The lower sounds of the musical scale are produced by the slowest vibrations; but as the scale is ascended the rapidity of the vibrations increases. In order to cause the tone that is called the middle C in music upon a string or reed, it must vibrate at the rate of 256 times every second. To get a sound an octave, or eight tones, higher, the rapidity of the vibrations must be doubled. For a tone two octaves higher the vibrations must be four times as rapid, and so on. The highest tone, therefore, that can be sounded on a piano is caused by the wires vibrating at the rate of over 8,000 times in one second. The tympanum of the ear takes faithful cognizance of this great number of vibrations, and they are carried to the brain by means of the auditory nerves. So accurate is the organ of hearing that a musician with a good ear can easily distinguish the difference between two sounds that vary from each other only a quarter of a tone, and which are produced by a difference of but two waves' vibrations.

Let us examine another of our faculties. We will take the sense of touch. This sense is termed the common sense, because we have power to feel it with any part of our bodies. But the most sensitive parts are the tips of our fingers and

tongues. There are two sets of nerves that are spread like network over the entire body. One of these sets of nerves is for the controlling of the different parts of the body, and the other is the one by which the sense of touch is carried to the brain. The latter set of nerves is so thoroughly spread over the surface of the body that there is not a single spot that can be touched with the point of a needle without being felt. One would suppose from this that the nerves were in the form of a thin layer spread over the body, but this is not the case. Although they are so numerous that at least 24,000 can be found in one square inch on the surface of the body, they are entirely separated from each other.

The accuracy with which the sense of touch can be employed is most wonderful.

This sense is used as a substitute for sight by blind persons. People who have lost their sight are taught to read from books that have the characters raised so that they can be felt.

Instances are on record of sculptors who have worked at their trade when blind, and, by the delicacy of their touch, have been able to make life-like statues of individuals. Other persons who have lost their sight have been known to distinguish, by feeling, spurious coins from the genuine, while professional detectives, who tested them in a different manner, failed.

(To be Continued.)

SNOW-HOUSES OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

IN the winter season the Esquimaux live in huts built of snow, and we may imagine what must have been the necessity and distress that could first have suggested to a human being the idea of using such an unpromising material as a means of protecting himself from the cold. Be that as it may, the snow "igloo," or hut, affords not only security from the inclemency of the weather, but more comfort than either stone or wooden buildings without fire. The construction of them requires considerable tact, and is always performed by the men, two being required for it, one outside and the other inside. Blocks of snow are first cut out with some sharp instrument from the spot that is intended to form the floor of the dwelling, and raised on edge, inclining a little inward around the cavity. These blocks are generally about two feet in length, two in breadth, and eight inches thick, and are joined close together. In this manner the edifice is erected, contracting at each successive tier, until there only remains a small aperture at the top, which is filled by a slab of clear ice, that serves both as a keystone to the arch and a window to light the dwelling. An embankment of snow is raised around the wall and covered with skins, which answer the double purpose of beds and seats. The inside of the hut presents the figure of an arch or dome; the usual dimensions are ten or twelve feet in diameter, and about eight feet in height at the center. Sometimes two or three families congregate under the same roof, having separate apartments communicating with the main building, that are used as bedrooms. The entrance to the "igloo" is effected through a winding covered passage which stands open by day, but is closed up at night by placing slabs of ice at the angle of each bend, and thus the inmates are perfectly secured against the severest cold.

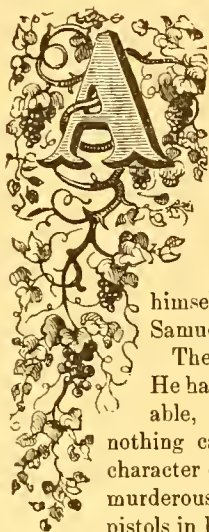
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1883.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



FEW days since we were shocked by the receipt of a despatch from Chattanooga, informing us that Elder John Alexander, who had been laboring in Georgia, had been attacked by a mob, and besides being kicked and injured internally had been shot at, one bullet penetrating his hat and another his coat without injuring his person. A few days after the receipt of the despatch Elder Alexander himself arrived home in company with Elder Samuel Joel Parrish.

The circumstances of the mobbing are horrid. He had given no offense to any one. He is peaceable, gentlemanly and respectable, and nothing can exhibit more clearly the malignant character of the opponents of the gospel than this murderous attack upon him. They stuck their pistols in his face, and after they had abused him and kicked him they stood within fifteen paces of him and all three fired. Nothing but the power of God could have saved him. They supposed they had killed him when he fell at the time they shot. The bullet that went through his hat must have almost grazed his head, while the bullet that went through his coat, which was aimed at his heart, would have struck him in the arm had he not folded his arms to receive their fire.

The wretches who committed this dastardly deed doubtless pride themselves in being Christians. They were prompted to it by the devil; but it was zeal for so-called Christianity that was in their minds, and they appeared to think that Elder Alexander did not believe what he preached, and they tried to force him to acknowledge that much before they attempted to kill him. This he would not do, and so resolved to die testifying to the truth if they killed him. Such an attack upon a peaceful man would not surprise us if it occurred in the jungles of Africa, or among the savages of the South Sea Islands, or of our own continent; but it occurred in what is called a Christian land, among a people who call themselves civilized and enlightened, in a country of laws, in a state that is called the empire state of the South—Georgia.

Already has the state of Georgia been stained by the blood of a faithful servant of God, Elder Joseph Stanning, whose murderers still go unwhipped of justice; but that blood must be atoned for. Men may permit the murderers to go free; but God who watches over His servants, and who has made promises concerning them, will, in His own due time, and in His own way, execute vengeance on the murderers and those who have approved these bloody deeds. As the three men who attacked Brother Alexander were masked it is not known who they were; but God knows them, and they will find it difficult to escape the consequence of this crime. That they did not murder him is not their fault. They did all in their power to take his life, and they doubtless supposed that they

had accomplished their object when they left him senseless upon the ground.

Our sympathies go out towards this young, faithful Elder. The Saints should exercise faith in his behalf, that he may be restored to perfect health and escape any bad consequences of the injuries he has received. We trust he will live very many years to honor the Priesthood which he has received and which he has endeavored to magnify while upon his mission.

Because the Almighty does not proceed to execute His decrees in the manner that men anticipate, many fall into the error of supposing that He governs the universe by great and inflexible laws without regard to the events that are taking place among men. The Elders of this Church, inspired by the Almighty, have made many predictions in this nation concerning the judgments which the Lord was about to pour out upon the people if they did not repent. This has been more especially the case since the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch and other faithful Saints, and the expulsion of the Church of Christ from the lands which they occupied. A civil war has rent this nation, and the blood of thousands has been freely shed. The nation has recovered so rapidly from the effects of this war that men cease to look upon it in the light of a judgment, but rather as a natural consequence which attends the growth of all nations. So with all the calamities that are taking place. They are attributed to every cause but the true one. For instance: These dreadful cyclones, of which we read in every issue of the daily papers, which are so destructive in their effects upon life and property, are undoubtedly a part of those judgments which God inspired His servants to foretell. But who, outside of the members of this Church, looks upon them as a fulfillment of the word of God? Who thinks that the predictions of the Elders of this Church are being fulfilled in these destructive storms? Who imagines that the shedding of the blood of a mighty prophet and of faithful followers of Jesus Christ, or the mobbing and persecuting and driving out of the people of God, has anything to do with the occurrence of these dreadful disasters? Yet they are a part of those calamities which the Lord has said He will pour out upon the people if they do not repent. To these will be added other visitations. There will be war and pestilence, famines, storms of lightning, of wind, and destructive fires, the sea heaving itself beyond its bounds, and other disturbances of the elements which will fulfill the decree of the Almighty concerning the wicked.

It requires the Spirit of the Lord to show people the hand of the Almighty in these things. "The wise shall understand." The wicked are blind. They see not the hand of God. They understand not His purposes nor His providences. Nevertheless the Lord is bringing to pass His purposes. Not one word that He has spoken concerning this nation will fall to the ground unfulfilled.

THE man who ventures to say, "My moral education is completed, and my works have corroborated it," assuredly deceives himself. It is always incumbent upon us to learn how to regulate our conduct for each day, and those days which are to come; we are under obligation to preserve our virtue invariably on the alert, urging us to new actions; and we are equally bound to recollect our faults and to repent of them.

RICHARD, THE LION-HEART.

AMONG the many kings who in past ages have ruled over England, none have gained greater renown for personal courage and intrepidity than has Richard, surnamed the Lion-heart (*Cœur de Lion*). His ruling passion was, apparently, to acquire military glory, and to gain this he was willing to sacri-

These wars, as can be readily imagined, cost the English people immense sums of money, but notwithstanding the heavy taxes to which their monarch subjected them, they were proud of his military talents and loved him because of his bravery.

Richard on hearing of the proposed crusade against the Mahometans, who were at the commencement of his reign in



fice everything else. His love of conquest was so great that during his reign of about ten years he spent no more than four months within his own dominions. Three years of his time were spent in the crusade against the infidels who occupied the Holy Land; fourteen months passed away while he was confined in a foreign prison, and the rest of his reign was spent either in war or preparations for war against France.

possession of Jerusalem, was elated with the prospect of acquiring military glory, and entered with heart and soul into the enterprise. In order to raise sufficient means for the expedition he resorted to various improper measures, among which was the selling of governmental offices to the highest bidders, without regard to the qualifications of the purchasers.

All arrangements being completed Richard, in conjunction

with Philip, king of France, and several other princes, left for Palestine. Unfortunately, however, for the success of the undertaking a spirit of animosity was aroused between the two monarchs even before they reached the field of operations. On their arrival at their destination this spirit of rivalry led them to commit many extraordinary acts of valor. Richard by his fearlessness and strength drew to himself the general attention, and thus created jealousy and malice in the heart of his ally, who thereupon made preparations to return home, using as an excuse that he was sick. It subsequently became apparent that the cause of the latter's return home was that he might take advantage of the absence of England's ruler and thus gratify both his resentment and his ambition.

Richard, thinking but little of home and fearing not his rival, continued to win new laurels in the East. He fought and won; he marched and conquered until he came within sight of Jerusalem, when he had the mortification to find that he must abandon all hopes of immediate success. As he approached an eminence that overlooked the city, he turned his head aside exclaiming, "They who are not worthy to win it are not worthy to behold it." Had his allies remained with him and his soldiers been inspired with the same desire that he was, the city would doubtless have been taken, but the Germans and the Italians ceased to assist, and want, disease and fatigue had so disheartened the army that a continuation of hostilities would have been foolish. A three years truce with Saladin, the leader of the Saracens, was therefore concluded, and several cities and towns of Palestine remained in the possession of the Christians.

Richard now prepared to return home to put an end to the trouble which was brewing in his own dominions through the intrigues of the French king and those of his own brother John. He dared not pass through France on his homeward journey, and therefore sailed to the Adriatic sea. Being shipwrecked near the coast of Europe, he disguised himself as a pilgrim hoping thereby to safely pass through Germany. He had proceeded as far as Vienna without discovery, but here his expenses and liberalities betrayed him, and by order of Leopold of Austria, whom Richard once kicked because of his obstinacy while in Palestine, he was thrown into prison. Henry VI. of Germany, hearing of the royal captive, required his delivery to him, as he desired to punish the renowned monarch for some imaginary wrong, and the Duke of Austria was promised a large sum of money for the part he had taken in the arrest of so renowned a personage. The Lion-heart was therefore taken to Germany and closely confined. In order to make his lot the more unbearable, the emperor of Germany treated him with great severity and subjected him to almost every indignity, until he was brought before a diet of the empire at Worms where he so eloquently plead his cause that the German princes sided with him and proclaimed loudly against the injustice of the emperor. This led to a treaty for his ransom, a part of which was soon afterwards paid and security given for the balance, so that Richard was released to return to England. King Philip on hearing of this, wrote to John, then in England, "Take care of yourself, for the devil is unchained."

No sooner had he arrived in his native land than he was informed of the plans which had been laid for his destruction by his brother and Philip. He immediately prepared to punish his enemies, but just after commencing the task, John threw himself at the feet of his wronged brother and craved his pardon. This was readily granted and the two then united

in trying to chastise their opponent. The French war, delayed occasionally by a truce, was still in progress, when Lord Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, happened to find in his ground a treasure of ancient and valuable coins. He sent the king a half of the same, but the latter claimed the whole of it. This claim being rejected, the king besieged the castle and swore that he would hang every person he found inside its walls. While the siege was in progress Richard approached the castle to examine its walls, when an archer, Betrand de Gourdon, took aim at him and pierced his shoulder with an arrow. The assault was made on the castle, and all of the garrison were hung, except Gourdon, whom the king reserved for torture because of the wound he inflicted.

The unskillfulness of Richard's surgeon in extracting the arrow from his shoulder caused gangrene to ensue, and death was thus infused into his system. As he felt his end approaching, Richard sent for Gourdon and said, "Wretch, what have I ever done to you, to cause you to seek my life?"

"What have you done to me?" coolly replied the prisoner, "you killed with your own hands my father and my two brothers; and you intended to have hung myself: I am now in your power, and you may take revenge by inflicting on me the most severe torments; but I shall endure them all with pleasure, provided I can think that I have been so happy as to rid the world of such a nuisance."

Richard being humbled by the approach of death and being moved by the frankness of his culprit, ordered his release and that a sum of money be given him; but one of Richard's generals, unknown to the monarch, seized the unhappy man, tortured him in a brutal manner and then hung him. Richard died shortly afterwards from his wound, in the tenth year of his reign and the forty-second of his age.

Our engraving represents this noted monarch seated upon his charger and clothed in an armor of steel similar to that worn by all the lords and nobles of ancient times. As was the custom in those days, he bears upon his shield his emblem, a lion, from which he probably derived his name, *Cœur de Lion*.

DESERET S. S. UNION MEETING.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Union was held on Monday evening, June 4th, 1883, in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, General Superintendent George Q. Cannon presiding.

Opened with singing by the choir, and prayer by Elder T. C. Griggs.

Minutes of last meeting read and accepted.

Superintendent Wm. Asper briefly reported the 19th Ward Sunday school. Since his recent return he had not yet become familiar enough with the school and its records to give an accurate report.

It numbered about 360, including 28 officers and teachers. The regular attendance was large, the average attendance of teachers especially, being very good. They had a library of about 600 volumes. After the opening exercises the school was divided into three different departments, theological, intermediate and primary, each taught in a separate room. Altogether the school was well organized and in a prosperous condition. He felt very thankful for the privilege of attend-

ing these meetings again after an absence of nearly two years on a mission.

Elder George Reynolds, according to announcement at the previous meeting, read the following list of poetical pieces which, though not awarded prizes, were worthy of special and honorable mention:

Utah, by Wm. Clegg, Springville.

Song of the Workers, by H. W. Naisbitt, Salt Lake City.

Sacramental, by H. W. Naisbitt, Salt Lake City.

Our Mountain Home, by Mrs. E. B. Wells, Salt Lake City.

Stay at Home my Boy, by Evan Stephens, Salt Lake City.

When shall we meet Thee? by Edwin F. Parry, Salt Lake City.

Evening Prayer, by Edwin F. Parry, Salt Lake City.

The Coming Day, by James H. Ward, Salt Lake City.

A Hymn of Praise, by Alfred Anderson, Salt Lake City.

Sabbath Morning Comes with Gladness, by James Galacher, Salt Lake City.

Sabbath School Teachings, by Henry Maiben, Salt Lake City.

The Song of the Seasons, by A. P. Welchman, Newton, Cache Co.

Join the Children of the Lord. F. Christensen, Fairview, Sanpete Co.

Brother Reynolds also read the communication, which appeared in the last INSTRUCTOR, relative to prizes being offered for the best poetical compositions that had been sent in without music and that consequently could not draw prizes in the late competition.

Elder Thos. V. Williams, by appointment, gave a very interesting account of his early experience in the Church. The narration of his first missionary labors and how he received a testimony of the gospel together with the divine providences manifested in his behalf were of a thrilling character and well calculated to inspire the listeners with faith in the Almighty. He concluded by exhorting the youth to avail themselves of the advantages of Sunday schools and other means of improvement in the work of the Lord.

Superintendent George Q. Cannon made a few appropriate remarks suggested by the testimonies they had heard of the dealings of God with the children of men in these days. He also expressed his approval of the labors of Brother Goddard as his first assistant general superintendent of the Union, and said that he had managed things to his satisfaction.

Superintendent G. Q. Cannon then nominated Elder John Morgan as his second assistant in the general superintendency of the Union. The nomination was sustained by unanimous vote.

Most of the pieces sung during the evening were original, and were excellently rendered by the 19th Ward choir, conducted by Professor E. Beesley.

The meeting adjourned to the first Monday in July, at the same place; the 20th Ward to furnish music and door-keepers.

Elder M. F. Cowley was appointed to deliver a short lecture.

Closed with singing "The Coming Day," and benediction by Elder John Morgan.

IN TENNESSEE.

BY HAGOTH.

THINKING that perhaps a few items from this part of the world would be interesting, I will try and give some for the benefit of the young readers of the INSTRUCTOR. One would naturally suppose from the geographical position of Tennessee that it would be much warmer than it really is, especially in the Winter season, but I find that I suffer more from cold than I did in Utah. The Spring, too, is much earlier there than it is here.

The style of architecture in this vicinity is more for ventilation than for comfort; in fact, the large fire-place is about the only cheerful thing found in many households. The housewife provides bedding for two or three extra beds, and the water bucket near the door-jamb is under her immediate supervision and is always well filled; a gourd hangs near by that all who would may drink. There is as much of a superabundance of timber here as there is a scarcity in Utah. Farming is done on a little different plan from what it is in our "mountain home." In the first place the farmer must "clear" his land—cut down and burn the heavy growth of timber. On these occasions the neighbors are invited to the "log rolling" as it is called, one of which I had the pleasure of attending.

It usually takes four or five years to get entirely rid of the stumps and roots. The ground is plowed with one horse driven on the *gee* and *haw* principle as we drive oxen. Once in a while we see two horses, or a yoke of "yearlings," hitched to a plow, but not often. Harrows are not used, neither are mowers or reapers, cradles being used for harvesting grain. Women assist on the farm and attend, in addition, to their household duties. Farmers, as a rule, are very poor, generally consuming the crops before they are harvested. Taxes are high; most property is taxed above its real market value. The poll-tax is three dollars and the road-tax is six days work or six dollars. The state debt is 27,000,000 dollars, and every county is burdened with debt.

Defalcators are numerous, and confidence in public men is at a very low ebb. There is a system of free schools in the state, but must be badly managed, as the statistics show twenty-eight per cent. that cannot read and thirty-nine per cent. that cannot write of the white population, and seventy-two per cent. of the colored population that can neither read nor write. The state has been settled about one hundred years; Utah but thirty-five, yet Utah is far ahead in matters of education.

The manners and customs of the people are different from what we have been accustomed to in the west. Cooking is mostly done in the fire-place. There are about as many females that use tobacco and snuff as there are in Utah that do not. Swearing is hardly ever heard. Painting and powdering is fashionable. Flour is generally used for the latter purpose, and as the looking-glasses are not as large as are commonly used, it is sometimes put on in spots.

Every farmer seems to think it a duty he owes his country to keep a large pack of hounds—poor, bony, half-starved things. Mark Twain's description of the dogs in Constantino will apply here. They don't appear to have any life in them until a stranger comes around when they all set up an unearthly howl and make for him; if a person can stand the noise he need not fear the dogs.

I had heard so much about fish and fishing in the States that I was easily persuaded to try my luck at angling. It took considerable courage on my part to put the worm on my hook, but I succeeded finally and took a good position on the bank where I expected to land a few fifty pound cat-fish on short notice. I felt a bite and hauled away; imagine my surprise when I saw a little sun-perch about three inches long emerge from the water. I carried home forty of the same kind that night. An angler in Utah would have thrown them all back again to grow awhile. Another time I worked for an hour trying to put a baited hook in the mouth of some large fish that were jumping up near by, and then learned that they were never known to bite, and were not good to eat anyway. I won't believe any more "fish stories" now.

DRUNKENNESS.

BY W. J.

DRUNKENNESS is one of the numerous vices which fallen man has originated, nurtured and established on the earth. It is a growing, a powerful and a damning habit. It is not confined to the sterner sex. Children follow in the footsteps of their parents, to continue and increase the evil in the earth, and the immediate consequences are fearful to contemplate. But is this state of things to continue? Where is the remedy? It lies in the word of God: "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

"But," says one, "the manufacture of intoxicating drinks is a respectable, lucrative business. The wholesale and retail vendors of them are educated, wealthy, highly-esteemed, and generous gentlemen. Government provides for the manufacture and sale of these death-dealing articles. It protects those who engage in the business, and derives a very large revenue from it." Very true—and too true it is! General and local governments derive much revenue from this soul-destroying traffic. They receive money from their citizens for the privilege of selling poison to others for their destruction, and for the corrupting and final overthrow of the governments under which they live; and then they say to them: "You are licensed." Licensed to do what?

"Licensed to make a strong man weak;
 Licensed to lay the wise man low;
 Licensed a wife's fond heart to break,
 And make her children's tears to flow.
 Licensed to do thy neighbor harm;
 Licensed to kindle hate and strife;
 Licensed to nerve the robber's arm;
 Licensed to whet the murderer's knife!
 Licensed thy neighbor's purse to drain,
 And rob him of his very last;
 Licensed to heat his feverish brain,
 Till madness crown thy work at last!
 Licensed, like spider for a fly,
 To spread thy nets for man, thy prey;
 To mock his struggles! Suck him dry!
 Then cast the worthless bulk away.
 Licensed where peace and quiet dwell,
 To bring disease and want and woe;
 Licensed to make this world a hell,
 And fit man for a hell below."

What an honorable business this is to engage in? What a vast amount of satisfaction, renown and glorious reward, in

time and eternity, will result to those thus engaged! And what an unspeakable glorious business for a man holding the Priesthood—an endowed son of Ephraim, a savior upon Mount Zion—to spend his earthly pilgrimage in! Certainly his reward will be great in the kingdom of God! Who would not covet it! Who would not earnestly desire to be adorned with the laurels he has won, and be distinguished by them throughout the countless ages of eternity!

Those who engage in this business, or who provide for those who do, spend much means in rearing and fitting up fine, attractive establishments, and placing in them the apparatus for playing the most fascinating games, in order to sell the drinks and pocket the cash. They also have the finest samples to offer to their respectable customers:

"Samples of wine, and samples of beer,
 Samples of all kinds of liquors sold here;
 Samples of whiskey, samples of gin,
 Samples of all kinds of bitters—step in.
 Samples of ale and porter and brandy,
 Samples as large as you please and quite handy.
 Our samples are pure, and also you'll find
 Our customers always genteel and refined."

And thus all possible inducements are offered to entangle and ensnare and to reach the god of their devotion—gold. But these are not the only samples—there are excellent samples of their wondrous achievements:

"Samples of headache, samples of gout,
 Samples of coats with the elbows out,
 Samples of boots without heels or toes,
 Samples of men with a broken nose.
 Samples of men in the gutter lying,
 Samples of men of delirium dying,
 Samples of men cursing and swearing,
 Samples of men all evil daring;
 Samples of old men worn in the strife,
 Samples of young men tired of life,
 Samples of ruined hopes and lives,
 Samples of desolate homes and wives;
 Samples of aching hearts grown cold
 With anguish and misery untold;
 Samples of noble youth in disgrace,
 Who meet you with averted face;
 Samples of hungry little ones
 Starving to death in their dreary homes.
 In fact, there is scarcely a woe on earth
 But our samples have nurtured or given them birth."

"But," it is argued, "we are here to get experience." True, we are. And I remember reading of a preacher who thought so, too. He was preparing a temperance sermon, but never having tasted whisky, and, wishing to study its effects so as to describe them more correctly, he bought a half a gallon to try it, locked the door of his study, and threw the key out of the window. In less than an hour he was singing and dancing instead of writing. Shortly after he got out of the window, slid down the lightning rod, fell into the swill barrel, kissed a woman in the street, fought with two men, stole a dog, sauced a policeman, was arrested, and imprisoned thirty days; and I don't think the whisky experience helped him much in writing his sermon. But the fact that we are here to get experience is not denied, but affirmed; and the experience the Lord designed we should have we cannot well escape. Yet it is not necessary to take strychnine to obtain the suicide's experience. We are taught that it will kill. Enough, then let it alone. We are also taught to choose the good and refuse the evil; and as this is addressed to the young, we say to them, choose sobriety, and refuse drunkenness. Refuse to become subject to king

alcohol. Its influence will shorten life and hasten death. It destroys peace of mind, hard-won reputation, home, family and friends. It destroys conscious innocence before God, robs man of the favor of heaven, and prepares him for the doom of the damned; therefore, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," the accursed thing, and be sober.

THE "WISCONSIN".

BY GAHAM.

THINKING the readers of the JUVENILE might be interested in hearing a few facts about the steam-ships which bring over our emigrants from the old countries of Europe, and take our Elders there to proclaim the gospel, I gathered a few facts about the *Wisconsin* in which I, in company with fifty-nine other missionaries, sailed from New York, April 17th, 1883.

The S. S. *Wisconsin* is one of the "Guion Line," this company has had the contract for carrying the Saints for some years and seems to give general satisfaction.

This ship was built in 1870, at Glasgow; she is "brig-rigged" and has one funnel; is 360 feet long and 43 feet wide; gross burthen 3,700 tons, net 3,386, that is she has space for 2,386 tons of freight exclusive of the space occupied by engine-room, boilers, etc. She will accommodate (?) 74 saloon, 90 intermediate and 800 steerage passengers—perhaps it would be more correct to say this number can be stowed away somewhere, as, if I were one of such a number, I could hardly call it accommodations (especially in the steerage) without laying myself open to the charge of flattery.

The engines are 600 horse-power nominal, about 3,000 indicated high pressure and consist of two cylinders, high and low pressure, the high pressure is vertical and has a diameter of 5 feet. The steam comes through a 14 inch pipe from the boilers at a pressure of about 70lb and after doing its work here, passes on through a 20 inch pipe to the low pressure cylinder which is horizontal and has a diameter of 10 feet; the steam enters this at from 20 to 25lb pressure (to the square inch) and from this, passes on through a pipe 2 feet in diameter to the condenser where it is cooled down, condensed into water to be again pumped back into the boilers and used over again. Both cylinders are direct-acting, as in all marine engines, and have a stroke of 4 feet, average speed 50 strokes per minute. The boilers are always filled up with fresh water before leaving port and what little more is needed on the voyage is taken from the sea, but this is not much, as the fresh water is made to do duty over and over again as above described, instead of being puffed away in steam as we see it in land-engines.

The crew number 95 officers and men, all told, including 30 firemen who have 24 hungry fires to feed consuming about 50 tons of coal every 24 hours.

The anchors, of which there are two always ready for use, weigh about three tons each. They are not "weighed" by hand with the capstan as on sailing ships, but by a small steam engine or steam-winch of which there are three on deck used in loading and unloading the freight.

The *Wisconsin* is much smaller than some of the Guion Line steamers, such as the *Arizona* and *Alaska*, the latter being 100 feet longer, and, though not the largest steam-ship crossing the Atlantic, has made the two fastest passages on

record—from Queenstown to New York, in 7 days, 1 hour, 50 minutes, and from New York to Queenstown, in 6 days, 18 hours, 37 minutes.

A STORY OF A DIAMOND.

THE diamond has always enjoyed an undisputed pre-eminence among precious stones, not only on account of its rarity, but also from its unequalled brilliancy. Some of these stones have been sold for almost fabulous prices, and many of the most celebrated diamonds known to exist have changed hands from time to time under strange and romantic circumstances.

Among the jewels formerly in the regalia of England was a diamond of great beauty and value, with which is connected a very remarkable history. It was once the property of Charles the Bold, last Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his hat at the battle of Nancy, in which he lost his life.

The diamond was found on the field after the battle by a Swiss, who sold it to a priest for a trifle, and it afterwards became the property of a French nobleman named De Sancy. The treasure remained in the possession of his family for more than a century, when one of his descendants, who was captain of the Swiss guard under Henry III. of France, was commissioned by the king to raise a new force from the same nation. Henry at length found himself unable to pay his soldiers, and in this emergency he borrowed the diamond from the Count de Sancy, that he might place it in the hands of the Swiss government as a pledge for the fulfillment of his engagements.

The count entrusted the diamond to one of his most faithful followers for conveyance to the king; but the messenger and the treasure disappeared, to the great consternation both of Henry and De Sancy. The most diligent search was made, but without furnishing any clue to the mystery. So strong was De Sancy's confidence in the perfect probity of his servant, that he felt convinced that some misfortune must have happened to him; and he persevered in his inquiries, until he at length discovered that his follower had been waylaid and murdered by a band of robbers, and the body concealed in a neighboring forest.

De Sancy ascertained the locality, and instituted a careful search, which resulted in the discovery of his messenger's remains. He next gave directions to have the body opened; when, to the astonishment of all but De Sancy himself, the treasure was discovered. It was now clear that the poor fellow, on finding himself beset beyond the possibility of escape, had swallowed the diamond rather than it should fall into the hands of the robbers. The story has been commemorated in the appellation the diamond has ever since borne of "the Sancy."

The diamond was purchased for the Crown of England; but James II. carried it with him in his flight to France in 1688. Louis XV. is said to have worn it at his coronation. In 1835, it was purchased by a Russian nobleman for £80,000.

CONTENTMENT.—That happy state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which we can say, "I have enough," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness consists, not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. He who wants little always has enough.

NIGHT SCENES IN A
GREAT CITY.

BY KENNON.

(Continued from page 167.)

IT was not our fortune, however, to reach our rendezvous with Jack, until we had enjoyed one more adventure, which was wild and exciting enough in its character to make a lasting impression. We had completed our round, the cans were almost empty, and the horses trotted rather more briskly, as if they knew that we had reached the home stretch. Flynn stopped when we arrived at the top of a considerable eminence; and as soon as the echoes which followed the rattling van had died away he said, "Look your last for this night on the sleeping town. In half an hour more one hundred thousand people will be awake and clattering about. Enjoy this moment of serenity while you may."

The great city was indeed slumbering. Stretching from us on every side were great masses of buildings, undistinguishable in themselves and only assuming a slight appearance of regularity when we could catch sight of the long lines of street lamps, which shone in the darkness like little dots of flame lightning through the perforated black card-board of a child's play-house. Afar to the north and east stretched the harbor. A faint luminosity marked the water and made it visible, while the myriad lights from a thousand ships rivaled the stars with their dancing radiance. But the slight swaying of the vessels was noiseless to us. Three worlds—sky, earth and water, seemed to unite in a perfect serenity of silence.

Suddenly Flynn's voice "smote the solemn stillness" as he shouted excitedly, "Look! a fire!" I glanced in the direction of his gaze and at a distance of a mile or more saw a faint little flame twining in fantastic shape around a high tower. It grew larger during the instant that I watched. But when my companion first spoke it must have been unnoticeable except to a practiced eye like his.

"Do you want to see the engines come out?" he asked.
"Yes."

He spoke sharply to the horses and they darted down the street. It was only three squares to the nearest engine house; and the horses galloped all the way, but we were not there when the thunderous peal of the alarm bells sounded from every quarter. Just as we were in front of the engine-house the doors came flying open and by the light within I saw two magnificent horses charge from open stalls in the rear, to their places on either side of the pole of the engine carriage. Simultaneously a third horse darted from a stall to his place in the shafts of the hose-cart. More quickly than I can write or you can read these words, every snap and buckle was adjusted as if by one electric current; and engine and hose-cart came dashing into the street.

"They are going our way, so we will lose no time if we follow," said my companion.

While he was speaking he had skillfully guided his team, just in the rear of the hose-cart, to one of the horse-car tracks. The wheels of our wagon seemed to fit into a groove as if by magic, and we moved down almost as smoothly as an ordinary railway train. While we sped along Flynn enlightened me. "You see, this car track makes the best possible course for engines, hose-carts and some wagons. The track is of the standard city gauge. The rails are sunk to a level of the pavement. Each rail has on its inner side what might be

called a flange about two or three inches wide, and about half an inch lower than the rail upon which the car-wheels run. Along these flanges fire-engines and other vehicles of proper width can glide with marvelous ease and smoothness. As these tracks are all double, there is no trouble from passing cars; and even in day-time when the streets are crowded, much greater speed can be attained than by driving along the pavement in the ordinary way. Thus a car-track instead of being a detriment to the street is a positive advantage."

"How is such wonderful promptitude secured in sounding and answering a fire-alarm?"

"What you have just seen was not even the ordinary quickness. The engine which we are following ought to have been half way to the fire by the time that I discovered it. The policeman in that locality must have been asleep. If he had been watchful the alarm would have been sounded two or three minutes earlier."

"There are hundreds of electric fire-boxes in this city—one within easy reach of every few blocks—in addition to the private alarms. These public boxes are attached to lamp-posts, the corners of buildings or to telegraph poles, and they are all numbered. The citizens soon become acquainted with the location of the boxes in their vicinity, and learn where the keys are kept. As soon as a fire is discovered a policeman or some other person rushes to the nearest box and sounds the alarm. This is done by unlocking the door, putting one's hand in and drawing down a hook. As quick as flash the alarm is transmitted to all the fire-stations, and the number of the box from which it started is registered. The alarm bells in the tower are sounded in a way to clearly show the number of the originating box, and the same indication is given on the electric bells in the newspaper offices, insurance houses, police stations, etc. Upon hearing an alarm I refer to the little book which I always carry, and looking to the particular number sounded, I can learn the immediate location of the fire—and all this within three-quarters of a minute from the time the signal box was opened and the hook pulled down. But even this is too slow for the fire department. In the offices of the chief, and the fire-patrol of the insurance companies, and in all the engine-houses are great indicators, which instantaneously register and expose the number of the box sounding the alarm. At the same time the electrical apparatus is set in motion; this looses a series of weights, and the combined arrangement kindles the fire in the engine, cuts off the water supply to the boiler, and releases the impatient and already harnessed horses. You saw how quickly those intelligent animals took their places. While this is being accomplished the men—always half-dressed—spring from their couches on the upper floor of the engine room and rush to the stairway. Instead, however, of using the steps as people ordinarily do, they jump and land in a sitting posture on a polished board which inclines from the top to the bottom of the stairs. Down this they glide in the fraction of a second, and mount to their places. Their helmets have been put on while they were sliding down; their coats are donned after they start. They are on the way in less than eight seconds from the time that the hook was pulled down to sound the alarm. Long familiarity has taught them the best route to each point within their district, and also how to make the greatest possible speed in getting to a fire. It is a point of professional pride with drivers and engineers to be first at the conflagration."

The street began to be crowded now with people and vehicles, but we were not delayed. The driver of the engine shouted, "Hi! clear the way!" and every person and team

skurried from his path. It is the regulation that firemen with their appliances shall have an open track. Flynn followed so closely behind the hose-cart that we easily reached the scene of the fire. The flames had broken out in a large wooden church on the corner of a street; and now they enveloped the church building and the adjoining parsonage. A glare was cast over surrounding objects, in which we could see a hundred busy workers. Firemen were dashing hither and thither like bees. The people whose home was being destroyed and the people whose houses were in danger were running wildly about wringing their hands or sitting moaning upon heaps of miscellaneous house-hold goods. Sixty seconds after we arrived ten streams of water were being played upon the burning structures and upon contiguous buildings; but an immense headway had been secured by the devouring element, and for a few seconds the result seemed doubtful. While we watched, the hook and ladder truck was drawn quickly up in front of the parsonage, and the ladders elevated to one of the windows where the fire seemed to have made least progress.

(To be Continued.)

OUR INJURED MISSIONARY.

IN order that our readers may be fully informed in regard to Elder John Alexander's case, to which we referred in the "Editorial," we herewith give his own statement of the outrage as published in the *Deseret News*:

"On the morning of the first of June I left Brother Reed's about three miles from Adairsville, Georgia, for that place. I told him I would go to Adairsville and see if I could make an appointment to preach as we had never held any meetings in that neighborhood. I talked to a few farmers along the road, but the results were not satisfactory, and when about a mile from Adairsville I started to return to Brother Reed's. When about half way between the two places, as I was singing aloud one of our hymns, I was startled by a noise and saw three masked men step out of a thicket and face me (the road here passed through a forest). This was about eleven o'clock in the morning. The men were masked by having what appeared to be some unbleached calico tied around their faces under their eyes, and which hung down to their breasts. Their hats were pulled down over their foreheads to conceal the upper portions of their faces. One of the men was a slim man, over six feet high, I believe, who seemed the leader, the other two were men of about five feet nine or ten inches. When about ten feet from me, the tallest man said, 'Are you one of those Mormon Elders from Utah?' I told him I was. He replied, 'You G—d d—d son of a b—, go up there in the brush.' I answered, 'I don't feel like going up. What do you want me to go for?' On this he blurted out, 'You son of a b— go. I won't tell you again.' He then drew his pistol and covered me. The other two followed his example. I walked into the brush fifty yards the way they pointed. Then I stopped and turned round. The leader told me to go on. I told him I had gone as far as I was going. At this they drew their pistols and presented them at my face, about four feet off. I then turned to start up the hill again, when the leader gave me the first kick which threw me on my hands and knees. I raised myself and struck at him, but he was down hill and I missed him and struck a small tree and fell flat on the ground and rolled on to my side. Just as I fell one of the others, who was above me on the hill, ran three or four steps towards me and jumped on my stomach. Just as I was getting up the third one kicked me on the left side. I then started up the hill, very slowly, because of my great pain. When I had again gone about one hundred and fifty yards I made the last stop, I turned round and said, 'For God's sake, men, you don't

mean to kill a young, innocent man. What have I done?' The leader answered, 'Well, you son of a b—, you come out here preaching false doctrine, and you know it's false, and say that it is.' I replied, 'No, sir; I don't think it's false; I know it is not false, and I can't say that it is.' He said, 'Well, you're going to die right here, have you anything to say?' I told him, if they meant to kill me, I had something to say. He continued, 'Well, what is it?' I asked him, 'Will you allow me to offer up a few words of prayer?' 'Yes,' he said, 'if you'll be damn quick about it.' I held my right hand up and placed my left across my breast and said, 'Oh, my God, if it is Thy will that these men should take my life, I am willing to die,' and a few more words which I do not recollect. I then dropped my arm and folded it across my breast and looked them straight in the face. As they lowered their pistols, one pointing to my face, another lower, I closed my eyes. The moment my eyes closed the three shots were fired. I recollect hearing the reports, but nothing after. My senses seemed taken away. I felt myself falling but do not recollect striking the ground. When I came to, the first thing that I remember I was on my hands and knees looking around. Just as soon as I had done this I arose to my feet. I ran, or rather staggered or stumbled down to the road, and started, I did not know which way I was going or where I was going, but I kept on, until I found myself at Brother Reed's fence; and that was the first time I realized where I was. I there fell exhausted, and Brother Reed came, picked me up and carried me into the house. In about half an hour, I think, I came round so that I could talk to him. I believe it was about noon when I reached Brother Reed's. Brother Reed and family took the greatest care of me. My traveling companion, Bro. Orson M. Wilson, of Hyrum, Cache County, came to me the next evening. On Sunday Brothers Barber and Parrish came with a buggy and, about two o'clock (they having held a meeting at Brother Reed's in the morning), we started for Brother Barber's home at Heywood, about sixteen miles distant. They left me at Brother Smith's, in Heywood, until Wednesday, when Brother Barber took me to Rome, about fifteen miles, and on the evening train Brother Parrish started for Chattanooga with me.

"Of the three shots one went through the front of my hat, (a low crowned black and white straw). As I was a little up the hill, and the hat was slightly tilted back, the ball went in at the front and almost immediately came out of the crown, giving the appearance of glancing upwards. This was the shot fired by the leader, who I noticed had his pistol pointed at my head.

"My coat was rather open, and the bullet passed through it on the left side, just glazing the slide of my watch chain. The third ball did not touch me.

"When the three men shot, they were standing in a row about twelve steps from me.

"I have no idea who any of the mobbers were, though the neighbors suspect certain parties."

MAN.—Instead of saying that man is the creature of circumstance, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstance. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstance. Our strength is measured by our plastic power. From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas: bricks and mortar are mortar and bricks, until the architect can make them something else. Thus it is that, in the same family, in the same circumstances, one man rears a stately edifice, while his brother, vacillating and incompetent, lives forever amid ruins; the block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.

AN obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.

GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.*

MUSIC BY J. S. PANSEY.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi-on, cit-y of our God!
On the rock of ag-es founded, What can shake thy sure re- pose?
He, whose word can not be brok-en, Chose thee for His own a-bode.
With sal-va-tion's wall sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile on all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from celestial love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of drought remove.

Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!

Fading are all worldly treasures,
With their boasted pomp and show;
Heavenly joys and lastings pleasures,
None but Zion's children know.

*—Awarded 2nd Prize in Class E, by the Deseret Sunday School Union.

OUR TEMPLE.

BY JOHN SHOLDEBRAND.

ARISE, O Zion! clothed in power and fame,
Assert thy noble lineage divine!
Thy enemies shall tremble for thy name,
And soon thy glories shall resplendent shine.
Prepare to usher in thy jubilee;
Thy sons and daughters, shall, both young and old,
Triumphant join in sacred harmony,
To hail millennium, as the prophets told.

This is the eve of that sublime event,
When all the elements of war and strife,
Of hate, contention, malice, shall be spent,
And all inimicable now to life—
What agonizes, weakness and despair—
Shall disappear from man and from the heast,
When earth like Eden, will be pure and fair,
When lamb and lion shall together feast.

A grand conception, born of faith and love,
Has found expression in this monument,
A temple—reared in praise to Him above,
Who gave His Saints another testament,
Confirming thus the promises He gave
Unto the chosen lineage of His throne:
In superstition's midnight He will save
The remnant of His seed from every zone,

Its lofty granite walls are tow'ring high,
According to the Lord's divine command,
To Israel a signal to draw nigh
To their inheritance, the promised land,
And gather round the standard of their king,
Preparing for His coming, once again,
When holy angels join His praise to sing,
Till earth resounds with sweet seraphic strain.

IDLENESS is the most corrupting fly that can blow on the human mind. Men learn to do ill, by doing what is next to it—nothing.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is Published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

TERMS IN ADVANCE:

Single Copy, per Annum - - - \$2.00.

Office, South Temple Street, one-and-a-half blocks west of
the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City.